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THE
HILLS AND VALE OF CLEVELAND
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES MILLIGAN.



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James Milligan.

THE

Hills & Vale of Cleveland,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES MILLIGAN.

PR
5021
M459
H5
1881
SR LF

THIRD EDITION.

Middlesbrough :

"THE GAZETTE" STEAM PRINTING AND PUBLISHING OFFICES.

1881.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

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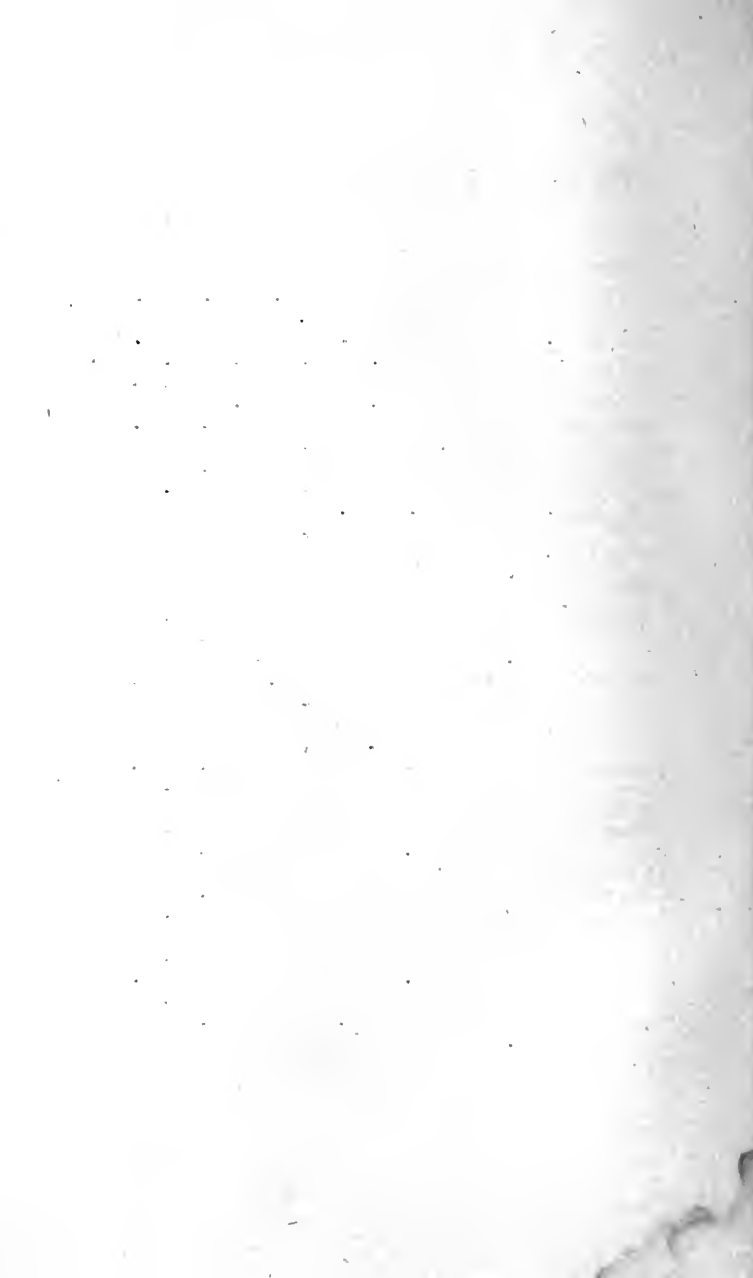
GUISBOROUGH, CLEVELAND, YORKSHIRE,

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FOR THE MANY FAVOURS RECEIVED
BY THE AUTHOR FROM THE FAMILY.



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PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.



COURTEOUS READER,

As this Third Edition of my Poems may be the last I shall offer to your notice, I thank you for past favours, and launch my little barque on the sea of Time, trusting it may safely reach the haven of welcome, and be found to contain a cargo of intellectual fruit good alike both for body and mind. I have studied some of the branches of science, especially Geology, and if by my humble efforts I may have been able to grasp the elementary part of that science, and place it before my readers in a concise form, so that they may the better understand how the formations of the earth take place, and perceive the great wisdom and power of God in the economy of Nature, my labour may not have been ineffective. I acknowledge my obligation to the great men of science, and return them thanks for the benefit of their research. I admire the beauties of Nature; the changing seasons are sources of delight; the spring flowers, summer sunshine, autumn fruit, and winter snow display the great Creator's handiwork, and should give us cause to thank Him for all our temporal and spiritual blessings.

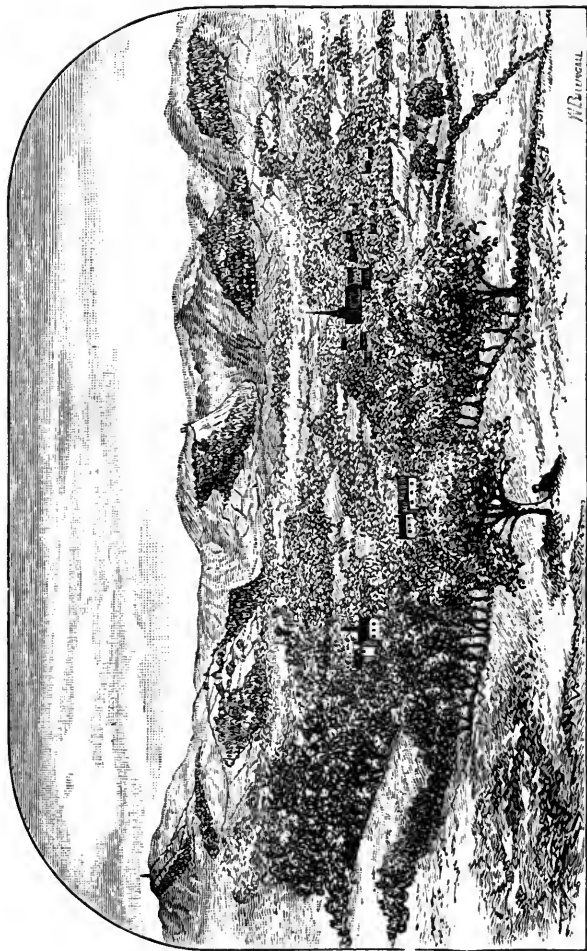
JAMES MILLIGAN.

Great Ayton, Cleveland, Yorkshire,

September, 1881.







CLEVELAND VALE,

WITH THE VILLAGE OF GREAT AYTON, AND CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

THE HILLS AND VALE OF CLEVELAND.



The romantic hills of Cleveland,
So pleasing and sublime,
Are famous for vast min'ral wealth,
Known in many a clime.
Rich ironstone and jet reward
The speculator's toil,
As the waving crops of grain do
The tiller of the soil.
On these hills the geologist
May ramble with delight
O'er the old and vast formations
Nam'd lias and oolite,
And see huge rocks of old freestone,
In ages past loose sand,
Now solidifi'd by pressure—
Those mountain rocks so grand.
Vast beds of shale, where jet is found
Was formerly soft mud ;
Thin beds of coal at Castleton
Was once moss, ferns, or wood.

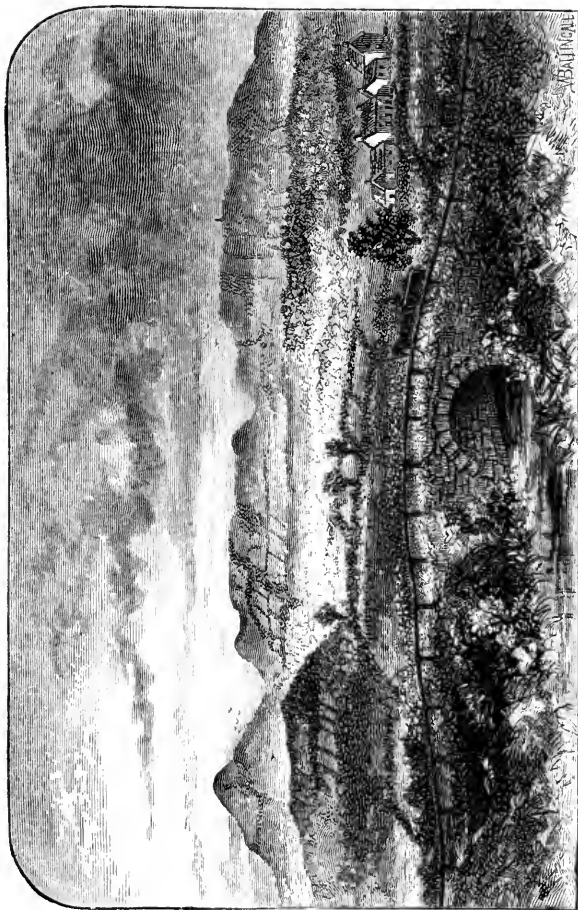
Marlstone, in the middle lias,
Abounds in iron ore ;
Eston Bank, Rosedale, and Codhill
Have yielded a rich store.
The Whinstone, or Basaltic Dyke
Extends o'er sixty miles,
From the Yorkshire coast north-westward,
Chief in the British Isles.
In fertile Cleveland, at Cliffridge,
Its whale-like form is seen,
Where quarrymen dig, delve, thus toil
To earn money I ween.
This vast dyke has been forc'd upward,
In a hot liquid state,
From depths unknown within the earth,
And at an unknown date.
The Cleveland Hills contain fossils
Of what liv'd long ago—
Numerous animals and plants,
As their remains do show.
The Ammonite and Belemnite
Once liv'd in a wide sea ;
And coal and jet were once green plants
That grew on land so free.
Species of ancient animals
And plants are somewhat rare,
Whilst many have become extinct,
As their remains declare.
The ancient hills undergo change,

As men of science see ;
By denudation they are mov'd
Again into the sea.
Much of what has become dry land
Was cover'd by the main,
And much of what is now ocean
May be dry land again.
In Sweden land is now rising ;
In Greenland the reverse :
Thus Nature fills each vacancy,
And thus sustains no loss.
Water in quantity remains
At all times much the same ;
We see God's wisdom in this world—
All honour to His name
For giving us those charming hills
And storing them with wealth,
For oxygen, carbon, and all
That tend to promote health.
When we behold God's mighty works,
And thus His greatness see,
May we give Him all thanks and praise
In meek humility.
The botanist may find choice plants,
So beautiful and rare,
Whilst rambling o'er these lofty hills
And breathing the fresh air.
Beautiful ferns in abundance
Grow on the mountain steep,

And various pretty mosses
On rocks of freestone creep,
Where the well-known shrubs, furze, and broom
Display golden flowers,
And the purple blooming heather
Adorns extensive moors.
Here love to dwell the rock-pigeon,
Grouse, and carrion crow,
The sportive squirrel, hawk, and owl,
And likewise the jackdaw.
In plantations of tall fir trees
The cushat builds her nest,
Where little black-fac'd mountain sheep
Beneath her take their rest.
Oft during the warm summer months
Gay parties may be seen
Wending their way up Rosebury,*
As blithe as king or queen.
To enjoy themselves they each strive :
Thus some play harmless games,
Whilst others on Rosebury rocks
Delight to carve their names.
Some love to sit beside the well†
And sip from its clear spring,
And think of the ancient legend
Poets are wont to sing :

* A celebrated mountain in Yorkshire, named Rosebury Top-
ping, more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea.

† A well near the summit of Rosebury.



CLEVELAND VALE

WITH ROSEBURY TOPPING AND CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE.



A princess of Northumbria
Took up her infant heir†
To this mountain for safety,
With a true mother's care,
It having been foretold that in
Water the child should die,
Therefore she ascended this hill
To save his life to try ;
But with all this great precaution,
Oh, how sad to relate,
A distressing death by drowning
Was this young prince's fate.
Lo ! yon fine old Priory* arch,
Its solemn splendour view ;
It tells of the world's great changes—
A monitor so true.
Its great glory hath departed,
Like that of ancient Greece,
Yet how beautiful in ruins,
Though voices of monks cease.
Yonder, like a silvery thread,
Winds the fine River Tees ;
And on the German Ocean wide
White sails spread to the breeze.
“ There go the ships,” gliding away,
Bound for a foreign shore,

† Oswy.

* Guisborough Priory, founded by Robert de Brus, Lord of Skelton, A.D. 1119.

Whilst breakers roll o'er Redcar sands—
 'Gainst Saltburn cliffs they roar.
See on the slope of Rosebury,
 Fertile Airyholm farm,
'Mid mountain scenes so beautiful,
 To us always a charm.
On that old farm Captain Cook's sire
 Was employed as hind ;
There young Cook spent his youthful days
 With undistinguished mind.
On the cliff-ridge he'd often rove,
 Near where their cottage stood,
Where blue-bells bloom and rabbits sport
 Beneath the underwood.
Yon monument† on Easby bank
 Thus celebrates his fame,
And Cleveland, beautiful Cleveland,
 Is honour'd by his name.
The Wain-stones raise their lofty heads
 On Broughton bank so bold,
Reminding us of vast " Stonehenge,"
 Rais'd by Druids of old.
Through my native vale the Leven
 Winds its delightful way,
Watering villages, hamlets,
 And flow'ry meads so gay.
Primroses on the river banks
 Are pleasing to behold,

† An Obelisk, about 60 feet high, erected by the late Robert Campion, Esq., of Whitby and Easby Hall, A.D. 1827.

Whilst crimson-tipp'd daisies display
Their bright centres of gold.
The blackbird, thrush, robin, and lark
With melody fill the air,
And mansions, cots, and pleasant groves
Adorn this vale so fair.



TIME



Ere the Lord God created man
The rapid flight of Time began ;
With outspread wings he flies apace,
As rolling spheres whirl through space.
He terminates all earthly things :
E'en emperors and mighty kings,
With regal power, pomp, array,
How soon old Time sweeps them away !
Their works of art and palaces
May last a few short centuries ;
Cities and monuments sublime
Must fall beneath the hand of Time.
Though sweet flowers display beauty,
And leaves adorn each forest tree,
Thus Nature, with a profuse hand,
Exhibits them throughout the land.
Time soon destroys her rich supply,
The fairest things of earth soon die :
The lofty oak, with bole so firm,
That braves many a raging storm,
Though it defy many a blast,
Must fall a prey to Time at last.
Youth may have cheeks of rosy hue,

A heart that dull care never knew,
And eyes shining with mental fire,
That oft the flame of love inspire ;
Raven tresses may freely grow,
And thus adorn the lofty brow ;
Fine active limbs, so free from pain,
May trip along the fertile plain ;
Yet youth and beauty have their day,
Like the pretty flowers in May.
Youth's happy hours soon glide away ;
Time turns the raven tresses gray ;
Rosy cheeks fade, the eyes grow dim,
Time weakens the once active limb.
He leaves his impress on the brow ;
All living things to him must bow,
Save the divine, immortal soul—
O'er it old Time hath no control.
Though Death soul and body sever,
The soul returns to the Giver.
When Time and Death shall be no more,
And worlds amid destruction roar,
Glorious bodies shall unite
With souls in realms of holy light ;
There blest spirits shall freely sing
Sweet anthems to th' Eternal King.



GEOLOGY.



The science of Geology
Proves the earth's great antiquity.
We find, when we look well abroad,
The rocks contain their own record.
Each age of the world they make known ;
Each series of rocks has its own.
The animal and plant remains
Conclusive evidence sustains
They liv'd on the earth's surface fair
When the huge rocks were forming there.
Sunlight and air, water and land,
Sustain'd them 'mid fair Nature grand.
In ages past they liv'd and died,
And afterward were petrified
By inclosure in massive rocks,
And thus became fossilis'd blocks.
The oldest-known rocks contain lime,
Thus proving at that remote time
Animal life did then abound,
Which may fill us with thought profound.
By their remains science makes plain
They once existed in the main,
And, to make their hard shells complete,

Lime from sea-water did secrete.
They sported in the ocean wide
For a brief time, and then they died.
Thus multitudes of marine dead
Form'd a vast, deep, and massive bed.
Their bones and shells long ages lay ;
And now we see, in this our day,
Changes by land and sea have been :
Thus limestone mountains now are seen.
Geologists find land and sea
Have chang'd places repeatedly.
The waste of land may oft be seen
By atmospheric and marine
Denudation, rain, frost, and snow,
Floods, waterfalls, and tides that flow.
Thus rocky pebbles, sand, and mud
Are caus'd by many a vast flood ;
Whilst mighty rivers glide away,
Much solid matter each convey
Into the wide and briny main,
To form future dry land again.
Rocks and mountains form'd long ago
Are denuded while waters flow,
Yet the said rocks and mountains old,
That we oft delight to behold,
Were form'd from strata more remote,
Which once gave huge reptiles support,
Where they could prowl, thus their food seek
In dark dense forest, swamp, or creek.

The sea encroaches on the land,
Denuding many a vast strand
By tides or storms that wildly rage
Against vast rocks of remote age ;
Whilst rolling billows foam and leap,
Hard rocks are swept into the deep.
Though Neptune may vast sea-shores fleece,
On other coasts he may increase.
While strata moves from stage to stage
We contemplate the world's vast age.
Aqueous rocks—enormous piles—
In thickness are several miles.
To stratify such rocks we know
Long time it takes, by process slow ;
But ere the waste of former rocks
Become hard stone—yea, compact blocks—
Much longer time and pressure great
Must pass before they change their state.
Long time they may lie 'neath the main
Ere they rise and form hills again ;
Dead animals and plants must lie
Long ages ere they petrify.
In strata deep fossils are seen—
Their forms display what they have been :
Plants, fishes, insects, and reptiles,
Mammals and birds, grouped in vast piles,
That liv'd and died in ages old,
In this age each epoch unfold.
Huge trees and plume-like ferns so grand

Often adorn'd the fertile land.
Where they grew the land subsided
Frequently, and thus provided
Beds of coal in after ages.
Thus we read the rocky pages,
How the ancient forest ranges
Underwent carbonic changes.
Thus miners find, where coal beds lay,
The massive beds of under-clay,
Or ancient soil, which gave support
To trees and plants in times remote.

In limestone caves both deep and wide
Huge animals have liv'd and died
From narrow fissures—yea, each vent—
The said old caves of vast extent,
Originated by the power
Of solvent water in each show'r,
Carbonic acid they contain,
That is absorbed by the rain.
Slowly during the march of Time
The streams dissolv'd vast rocks of lime,
And thus the limestone caves abound
Where man and beasts' remains are found.
God's greatest noble creature—Man—
Adorns the universal plan,
And scientific men declare
He liv'd with mammoth and cave-bear—
Creatures extinct long, long ago—

Thus his antiquity they show.
During Creation's early morn
He fashion'd implements of stone ;
Whilst he inhabited the cave
He made weapons himself to save—
Flint hatchets, hammers, arrow-heads,
Found 'neath the soil of the cave beds ;
Likewise human and mammoth bones,
Now fossilis'd hard as flint stones,
Prove that long ages must have fled
Since he was number'd with the dead.
Primeval man, of noble race,
In early times liv'd by the chase,
In jungles dense pursued large game—
All honour to his worthy name.
The mammoth, elk, or lion bold
Were chas'd by the brave men of old ;
They sav'd their race from dangers great—
Yea, more than we can contemplate.
In dwellings built upon large stakes
They liv'd above the ancient lakes ;
From man or beast, whichever foe,
A wise precaution thus they show.
They always had wonderful skill,
And that is why their race lives still.
Of course the women liv'd also
Through all the ages long ago :
O let us not forget them, then,
Whilst thus we eulogise the men,

But give to them their proper share
Of praise, and thus honour the fair,
For they have courage, skill, and love ;
Combin'd with men they wonders prove ;
Undoubtedly they will sustain
Their race while land and sea remain.

Vast beds of lime adorn yon strand —
Old Dover cliffs, sublimely grand—
Ere those chalk rocks, though now so steep,
Were elevated from the deep,
Marine remains were forming there,
Destin'd to grace Albion fair.
Eventually the sunny South
Receiv'd again its blooming youth ;
Being exalted from the main,
It thus became dry land again.
England and France, united then,
Form'd a vast hunting ground for men.
Before and after that great change
Wild animals had a wide range :
Huge animals did then abound—
Their remains now in caves are found.
The British lion had his lair
In the dense forest, while cave-bear
And mammoth, elephant and ox,
Hyæna, bison, wolf, and fox
Could range o'er a dark continent,
With its rivers of vast extent.

Such ancient river bed remains
The waste of high hills and vast plains,
Is found a delta* so immense,
It must have been wash'd down from whence
A continent spread far and wide,
Where huge reptiles could prey or hide.
Whilst the long ages roll'd away
Great and small mammals had their day,
Till a marine denuding change
Restricted them in their wide range.
Slowly the storm, huge wave, or tide,
Cut a channel both deep and wide ;
Thus they no longer could advance
From England or the shores of France ;
The British Islands being small,
They could not long support them all.
In caves the huge remains are found
Of mammals that did once abound ;
Some are extinct ; and thus their place
Is not succeeded by their race.
'Tis thus we see change after change
Has been throughout the world's wide range,
Yet the sun ever shineth bright,
While men of science get more light
To penetrate the world around
And read her history profound.

The sea in space exceeds the land ;
Round our wide world her waves expand ;

* Wealden and Purbeck, in Kent and Dorset,

She decks with a rich shining robe
So glorious th' extensive globe.
The mountains of the world sublime
Would disappear in course of time ;
Save coral reefs, some of them might
Appear above the ocean bright ;
But the rest of the land would be
Beneath the wide and deep blue sea,
If forces did not elevate
The land to its former dry state.
Some tracts of land slowly subside,
And thus beneath the ocean hide,
While other lands as slowly rise—
They compensate, economise.
The cause of such changes may be
The earth's vast heat internally
Is decreasing, and thus there must
Be a shrinking of the earth's crust.
The earthquakes, with their forces great,
Oft cause the earth to oscillate ;
And thus throughout the world's wide range
The land and sea undergo change.
Proof of the earth's internal storms
Is seen in the world's strata forms ;
Contortions, dykes, faults, and inclines,
Vertical rocks, and other signs
Show how the old earth's crust was rent
By gases that would have their vent.
The miner's " troubles " may be seen

Where faults have split the rocks between.
On one side of the fault is found
Mineral deep below the ground,
While on the other side may lie
The stratum wonderfully high.
Once deep old fissures now contain
Metallic ores in lode or vein :
The rich metallic ore, it seems,
Was convey'd thither by the streams,
In solution long there to hide,
Till by the miner there espi'd,
After patient delving and moil,
As a reward for skill and toil.
Earthquakes beneath the sea may rave,
And cause the dreadful huge sea-wave,
With lofty crest, to far expand
O'er the dry, fair, and fertile land ;
Islands may sink beneath the deep,
Or new land out of it may peep.
When earthquakes rave beneath the land
Vast cities cannot them withstand ;
They engulf cities of the plain—
Thus their inhabitants are slain.
Traces of old earthquakes abound ;
Throughout the world their signs are found ;
Old sea-beaches demonstrate
They have receiv'd a change of state :
Now rais'd above the ocean bed,
Where once her foaming waves were spread,

And ripple-marks on sand were made,
Then harden'd by the sun's warm aid
Before the tide brought a fresh layer
Of sand to hide the impress there.
Footprints on wet sand, mud, or clay
Are preserv'd much in the same way ;
Impressions of plants thus endure ;
Thus rain-pittings are made secure.
While hot springs boil, volcanoes glow—
The earth's internal heat they show.
Likewise beautiful marble blocks,
Transform'd from vast old limestone rocks,
And quartzite, also serpentine
Old metamorphic rocks combine
To prove their once aqueous state,
Though now alter'd by fusion great.
Igneous rocks, to fusion due,
Display crystals of charming hue ;
Quartz, mica, and felspar unite
To form old granite rocks so bright.
Pumice, basalt, and green-horn blend,
To volcanic origin tend ;
And thus give evidence complete
Of the earth's vast internal heat.

During the long, cold winter wild
Snow on the Alpine peaks is pil'd,
Till beds of snow and ice combine
In a huge mass near the snow-line.

By their accumulated weight,
And rays of summer sunshine bright,
The glaciers are wont to creep
Down huge and lofty mountains steep
Into the wide valleys below,
Thus filling them with melting snow.
Whilst glaciers so slowly slide,
Valleys are made more deep and wide,
And large and small rocks often may
Along their sides be borne away ;
Thus heaps of glacier morains
May lie on the extensive plains.
In times remote long, long ago,
Vast masses of hard-frozen snow
The British mountain summits crown'd,
When the old Ice-King reign'd around.
Thus glaciers, vast icy piles,
Have left records in British Isles—
On the hard rocks, in valleys deep,
Where they were wont to slowly creep.
Vast sheets of ice cover the whole
Arctic regions toward the Pole.
Thus snow and ice cover the ground
Where Greenland in ice-chains is bound,
Where glaciers so slowly slide
Toward the mighty ocean-side.
During the summer season short
Away grand massive icebergs float.
Large boulders on the icebergs ride ;

They float on the blue ocean wide ;
Fragments of rocks are thus set free,
And find their way into the sea ;
Thus particles of sand and mud,
Ground from the rocks, reach the vast flood.
Like crystal mountains, grand and steep,
Icebergs adorn the briny deep ;
On the stupendous icy piles
The rocks may drift thousands of miles,
Till the icebergs melt in the main,
And then the rocks find land again.
They find it on the ocean floor,
Where thick deposits cover o'er,
In a vast, deep, and massive bed,
Myriads of the marine dead.
Explorers* found rich beds of coal
Four hundred miles from the North Pole ;
And thus their evidence maintains
There once was green and fertile plains
Where now a massive cap of ice
Locks up that region in a vice.
In Greenland, where the Polar bears,
Enormous elks, and Arctic hares
Roam o'er the snow-clad regions wild,
There must have been a climate mild
Where now the active Esquimaux
Lives in his little house of snow,
And in his sleigh delights to ride
On ice and snow both far and wide,

* Captains Nares and Stephenson.

Drawn by his dogs, well train'd and swift,
Where he surmounts ice or snow-drift.

In ocean blue or pastures green
God's wisdom and design is seen ;
We see the earth was made to change,
Also design'd to rearrange :
The lofty mountains or vast plain
May be succeeded by the main,
While from the former ocean beds
Grand mountain chains may raise their heads,
Or continents spread far and wide
Where formerly flow'd the vast tide.
Thus currents of the ocean may
Be made to flow another way,
Such as the warm Gulf Stream, so styled,
That tends to make the climate mild
On the west coast of Britain's Isle,
Where fruitful fields and orchards smile.
Astronomy, science sublime,
Reveals to us motion is time.
The earth on her axis moves round,
And while revolving, free from sound,
Thus alternates the day and night,
The sable darkness and sunlight ;
And while she circles the vast sun,
Till her complete long year is run,
Her axis inclines thus with speed ;
Throughout the world seasons succeed.

But while successive years move round
Changes in her vast path is found :
Attractions of the orbs do tend
To cause her orbit to extend
From a somewhat circular state
Until it may much elongate.
Thus changes may be, as of old,
From extreme heat to extreme cold.
Tropical plant and Arctic shell,
Fossils of Europe plainly tell
That after thousands of long years,
Like many other bulky spheres,
She will regain her former state,
Thus prove design and wisdom great,
And show that planets, great and small,
Are subject to God's safe control.
He guides suns, moons, and planets bright,
That are adorn'd with charming light ;
Their paths are ample—yea, so wide,
They move safely ; do not collide.
He gave them shapes, motions, and ways
To move and shine — thus sing His praise.
This world of great antiquity
Is founded on economy.
The Cleveland Hills long time have stood,
Though once fragments beneath a flood ;
The older rocks from whence they came.
Had their origin much the same :
Fragments of rocks—denuded waste--

Down the old rivers swept with haste
Into the sea, so deep and wide,
And thus the beds were stratifi'd.
But, oh ! what ages must have fled
Since, in an unknown ocean bed,
The older rocks wasted away,
Thus in good order thickly lay ;
While sand and mud in a loose state
Became hard rocks, by pressure great,
Ere they were lifted from the deep
To form the Cleveland Hills so steep.
Thus freestone rocks, and also shale,
On the old hills largely prevail.
The freestone rocks that crown the hills
Have sav'd them from denuding rills,
Yet slowly each old Cleveland range
Is subject to denuding change.
After much rain each Leven flood
Brings down some sand, and likewise mud
Thus much is wash'd into the main,
And may become hard hills again.
'Tis thus we see, in this our age,
Groups of strata in their first stage,
Denuded waste from hills and plains,
And marine animal remains,
With wreck of ships and their rich store,
Lie scatter'd on the ocean floor.
Thus multitudes of human dead
May lie in a deep massive bed ;

Likewise horses, oxen, and sheep
May find a bed beneath the deep.
Chemical change, and pressure great,
In course of time may change their state
Into fossils—thus form a store
Of the vast earth's historic lore :
Thus they may lie thousands of years
Until future dry land appears,
Caus'd by the earth's internal heat,
When it makes the wide sea retreat,
Forcing up the thick ocean bed,
And all the relics of the dead.
In England miners mostly find
Stratifi'd rocks eastward inclined :
Thus dip the lias and oolite,
Rocks that in Cleveland Hills unite.
The old lias, formation vast,
Profusely o'er old Cleveland cast,
Supplies the hills with a rich store
Of massive beds of iron ore.
Alum and jet rock shale contains
Much animal and plant remains.
The hills contain bog-oak and peat,
And beds of coal in rocks complete.
The grand old Cleveland Hills display
Oolitic crowns of freestone gray,
Denuded into grotesque forms
By rain, and frost, and raging storms.
Though the hard rocks allow decay,

And become sand, soft mud. or clay,
The hardest parts of them unite
To form sandstone compact and bright.
By pressure and great length of time
They thus become huge rocks sublime,
Where rounded grains of quartz combine
With specks of mica, and thus shine.
The older rocks were water-worn
That now form beds of ironstone ;
The waste beneath the sea was laid
Ere they by pressure rocks were made.
The beds of shale, formerly mud,
Were spread beneath the mighty flood,
Where animals could feed and sport
In the old sea in times remote.
Thus in the lias shale we find
Fine fossils are therein confin'd
Of shell-fish and reptiles also,
Creatures extinct long, long ago.
There Ammonites have found a bed
With Belemnites among the dead ;
There mussel-like bivalves are found,
And cockle-like molluscs abound ;
Whilst reptile forms, both strange and great,
Are preserv'd in a perfect state,
And impressions on shale succeed
From Fuci, or ancient sea-weed.
Jet found in shale makes it appear
The beds were form'd when land was near :

Plants that adorn'd the ancient land
Are now jet seams that far expand :
By frequent storms the plants and mud
Were swept into the briny flood,
And thus, after long ages fled,
We find rich jet in the shale bed.
Vast beds of peat to plants are due ;
Ages in lakes and swamps they grew :
Thus where the lake formerly spread
We now may find the deep peat bed.
In the extensive moorland bogs
Old oak is found in massive logs :
When the oak grew we cannot tell,
Yet the old bogs preserve it well ;
But, ah ! what long ages must roll
Ere it become the future coal,
Such* as is found beneath the rills
And heath that grace the Cleveland Hills.
The massive rocks of old freestone
That grace Rosebury's lofty cone
And crown this outlier so steep,
Likewise yon escarpments cut deep,
Show that the wild, denuding storms
Have greatly chang'd the ancient forms
Of the sublime old Cleveland Hills.
Their waste is seen in gushing rills :
There flow the beautiful cascade,
By wasting softest rocks 'tis made ;
Whilst rivers through the valleys glide,

* The moorland coal of Danby and Castleton.

They tend to cut them deep and wide :
High ridge, and peak, and heathy dale,
Likewise extensive Cleveland Vale.
Ferns, gorse, and broom, and mosses green,
And gay wild flowers grace the scene
Where the blithe tourists love to rove :
Thus view each hill, dell, brook, and grove,
Or on the high rocks take their ease,
Also recline 'neath shady trees.
Yon Whinstone Dyke, of British fame,
With our Cliffridge, of local name,
Is the result of an upthrow
Of molten rocks thus all aglow.
Through all known aqueous rocks upcast
By the earth's combin'd forces vast,
That famous Dyke, wall-like, so steep,
Fills an old fissure long and deep.
Through miles of strata it descends,
And scores of miles its line extends :
When the old Dyke, both deep and long,
Was rais'd no Bard can sing the song.

The Valley of the Tees contains
Traces of ancient lake remains ;
Red sandstone and rock-salt is found
Hundreds of feet beneath the ground.
The red sandstone receiv'd its stain
Ere waves flow'd o'er it from the main :
Oxide of iron stain'd it when

Wash'd down the ancient hill or glen,
Ere a depression of the land
Was fill'd up with new beds of sand,
Clay, gravel, peat, and logs of wood,
And much estuarine mud,
Thousands of years before the site
Of Middlesbro' receiv'd the light,
Or verdant grass or leafy trees
Adorn'd the banks of the old Tees.
Long ere the great blast-furnace shone—
Thus melted Cleveland ironstone—
Beds of rock-salt, sandstone, and lime
Were safely kept by Father Time ;
And now the men of science peep
Far down the massive strata deep :
Their scientific borings show
The treasures of strata below.
As they have reach'd the salt-beds old,
Now they may change them into gold ;
Thus by their scientific aid
Soon we may see increasing trade :
They gave a turn to Fortune's wheel
By changing ironstone to steel.
All honour to each worthy name
For adding to old Cleveland's fame !



WISDOM OF GOD IN CREATION.

PSALM XIX, 1—4



How glorious the splendid sun,
The source of light and heat ;
The glowing planets round him whirl,
Their seasons thus complete.
The luminous rings of Saturn
Are pleasing to the sight ;
They beautify that vast planet
With charming wreaths of light ;
Resembling a fair rural maid,
Adorn'd with garlands gay,
During the merry festival
When made Queen o' the May.
The four moons of Jupiter
Display their borrow'd light,
Like maids attending to a queen
With torches flaring bright.
Bright Mercury or sweet Venus
Often the sky adorn
During the tranquil evening,
Or at the early dawn ;
Ere the mild Moon peeps o'er the hills,
Her modest charms t' unfold,

Or the sunbeams adorn the earth,
 Tipping the clouds with gold.
Our terraqueous globe unites
 In planetary train :
How grand her seas and fine rivers,
 Each mountain or vast plain !
From west to east she onward rolls,
 'Mid sunbeams or mild light ;—
The sun with splendour shines by day,
 The pale-faced moon by night.
Sun, moon, planets, and twinkling stars
 In harmony unite,
Singing their great Creator's praise,
 Array'd in robes of light.
Their sound is heard from Pole to Pole ;
 In north, south, east, or west ;
In lands where heathen tribes abound,
 Or realms more highly blest ;
Where the rambling Red Indian
 Paddles his light canoe,
Or on the lofty mountain peak,
 Crown'd with enduring snow ;
In the wild and grassy prairie,
 Where sweet flowers expand,
Or on the vast arid desert,
 Abounding with hot sand ;
In the delicious orange grove,
 Beneath an eastern sky,
Or where ponderous icebergs point

Towards the stars on high ;
Where the mariner steers his bark
Across the raging main,
Or where the industrious peasant
Reapeth the golden grain.
God's thunders roar, His lightnings flash,
The clouds their waters vent ;
The grand rainbow, so beautiful,
Spans the vast firmament ;
Tempestuous rain, fleecy snow,
Or whistling winds so shrill,
Display their Author's great wisdom
And His sovereign will.
The heavens and earth, sea and air,
With their various tongues,
To their Creator freely sing
Their harmonious songs.
Where'er we cast our eyes we see
The handiwork of God ;
Each star, gay flower, foaming wave,
Or gaily plumag'd bird,
Display their Maker's great power,
The God of peace and love,
Who made the heavens, fruitful earth,
And all that live and move.
Let little hills and vales rejoice,
Thus yield us daily food ;
Let us praise Him who made all things,
And found them very good.

THE DEATH OF ISAAC.



Alas ! alas ! Isaac is dead,*
He kept the village school ;†
The young idea he often led
By prompting a good rule.
He was the clerk of Newton Church,
And often said “ Amen ;”
His grave is plac'd near the south porch—
We see it “ now and then.”
Isaac was known both far and wide,
He lov'd freely to talk ;
To local towns he lov'd to ride,
And he enjoy'd a joke.
Tourists oft came in summer time,
They lov'd Isaac to see ;
Also up Rosebury to climb,
And enjoy scenery.
Isaac was fond of birds and flow'rs,
Kept throstles in a cage ;
They occupi'd his leisure hours—
He was the village sage.

* Born May 4th, 1808 ; died January 17th, 1878.

† Isaac Dale was schoolmaster at Newton-in-Cleveland
during nearly fifty years,

He stock'd the village pond with fish,
Where they did often sport ;
Where children play'd with tin or dish,
Thus little fishes caught.

The pond once was, Isaac "is not,"
And we are left to weep ;
They both adorn'd the well-known spot,
By Rosebury so steep.

The pond is filled up with clay,
Isaac is much the same ;
They both in this world had their day,
And each have left a name.

He'll never use his wooden leg,
As he was wont of yore ;
Nor hang his hat up on a peg—
His long career is o'er.



SPRING.



Hail ! lovely vernal Spring, with buds and flowers
 gay,
Where throstles sweetly sing and sportive lamb-
 kins play.
What pleasure we obtain in the sweet-budding
 Spring :
We see the hand of God in ev'ry living thing.
The' early flowers of Spring are pleasing to the
 sight,
The snowdrop and daisy fill the mind with delight.
Fair Nature looks so gay when Spring returns
 again :
The glad ploughman whistles a merry-hearted
 strain ;
The milk-maid, with her pail, so lightly trips along,
In pastures fresh and green she sings her sweet
 love song ;
The cuckoo and swallow, likewise the nightingale,
Visit us in the Spring. What new delights prevail.
The bees gather nectar from the pretty flowers,
That bloom so beautiful, refresh'd by Spring
 showers.

SUMMER.



Summer, sunny Summer, so gay,
When fields are fragrant with new hay,
Where peasants toil and children sport,
And flocks of birds love to resort.
The buzzing flies delight to tease ;
But how refreshing now the breeze.
Yon gathering clouds rage and foam,
And thus foretell the thunderstorm ;—
See the grand, vivid lightning flash,
The peals of thunder loudly crash,
Whilst gentle maid and rural swain
Seek shelter from torrents of rain.
But soon the wild storm disappears,
And Horus dries fair Nature's tears.

AUTUMN.



How charming each Autumn scene,
When days are calm, bright, and serene,
When yellow sheaves adorn the wold,
And forest leaves are tinged with gold ;
Redbreasts warble the live-long day,
Where orchards charming fruit display ;
Then twittering swallows take their flight
To sunnier climes fair and bright.
The squirrel, bee, and frugal ant
Provide a store for future want.
The farmer stores the golden grain
Whilst Autumn leaves bestrew the plain,
Ere Winter storms sweep o'er the hills,
Swelling the lofty mountain rills.

WINTER.



Boreas mounts his icy throne,
And drives the clouds along ;
Like mountains they the sky adorn,
Whilst he whistles his song.

'Tis thus he blows with all his might,
While beautiful flakes fall ;
Soon the wide earth is clothed in white,
Soft snow-drifts great and small.

Wayfarers caught on the wide moors
Oft know not where to go ;
Bewildered by the blinding showers,
Some perish 'mong deep snow.

Ships and their crews are tempest-tossed
While o'er the sea they roam ;
'Tis thus the gallant crews are lost
Beneath the billows' foam.

Old Frost locks rivers, lakes, and rills,
He nips folk with his cold ;
With his tight grasp he often kills ;
He spares not young or old.

The poor oft lack, in winter cold,
Much raiment, coals, and food ;
The rich often their wants behold,
And strive to do them good.

The little birds flock round the hall
Or cottage to be fed ;
They hop about hedge, tree, or wall,
And feed on crumbs of bread.

The rich in sledges love to ride,
With tinkling bells they go ;
Their horses speed—'tis thus they glide
Along the frozen snow.

Hoar-frost adorns trees and green leaves
With charming wreaths of ice ;
Icicles grace the cottage eaves—
Thus winter scenes are nice.



SUNSHINE.



Behold the sun, the source of light,
He casts his rays afar ;
The flowers bloom, giving delight—
How beautiful they are !

All Nature smiles beneath his rays ;
The birds so sweetly trill ;
The charming light attracts our gaze
On mountain, grove, and rill.

The daisies greet the morning light,
Expand their petals wide ;
They open to the sun so bright,
Then close at eventide.

Thus in the morning of our life
Our eyes behold the light ;
When shades of evening are rife
We close them for the night.

Gay flowers bloom, then they depart ;
Sad thoughts to us they bring :
Though winter storms chill many a heart,
Fresh flowers grace the Spring.

Like flowers we may bloom awhile,
And then thus droop and die ;
We may be courteous and smile,
Then in the cold grave lie.

Like flower roots we may lie deep
Beneath Death's ice and snow,
Yet in the Spring they wake from sleep—
Like them we may do so.

At the " Great Day" O may we rise
And see the light divine :
Like flowers open our glad eyes—
Enjoy endless sunshine.



THE DALES OF CLEVELAND.

We love the pretty Cleveland dales,
Heather-clad hills, refreshing gales,
Where farmers dwell, so kind and free,
"Given to hospitality."

In chimney-corners we delight
To sit by their turf fires bright,
Hear them relate amusing tales
Of Castello, "Bard of the Dales."

'Tis sweet to see the rural life
Of toiling swain or good housewife,
Where all within is neat and clean,
And health and comfort may be seen.
We love to view the flying grouse,
Or turf-stacks near each old farmhouse,
And see grand robes of purple flow'rs
Adorn green ling on the wide moors.

MORNING.

See ! crimson gilds the eastern sky,
Folding the shades of night ;
Sol tips with gold the mountains high,
Then floods the world with light.
The feather'd tribes cheerfully sing
Their carols in the grove,
Whilst honey-bees are on the wing
Where mountain sheep do rove.
How beautiful at early morn
To view the waving grain—
Like sheets of gold they thus adorn
And beautify the plain.
The soaring lark heavenward flies
With melodious voice ;—
May we to heaven raise our eyes,
For God's mercies rejoice.
If the sweet birds and fields rejoice,
Let us give thanks and sing,
With gratitude raise our glad voice
To the Eternal King.
For life and health, raiment and food,
Sweet sleep during the night,
For means of grace—yea, ev'ry good—
Another morning's light.

NIGHT.



'Tis sweet to muse during the night,
And thus enjoy pleasant twilight.
When the red tinge hath left the west,
And weary peasants take their rest,
When sweet flowers their petals close,
And feather'd tribes in groves repose,
Then bats oft wing their zig-zag flight
During the stillness of the night.
'Tis then we hear the beetles hum,
Whilst whisp'ring zephyrs softly come
So playfully through leafy trees,
That never fail the mind to please.
The new-mown grass, herbs, or sweet flow'rs,
In fields, gardens, or in bowers,
Yield their fragrance during the night—
Each balmy breeze giveth delight.
Luna displays her smiling face
Gliding through ethereal space ;
The fleecy clouds are often seen,
Adding fresh charms to night's fair queen ;
Whilst they flit by on ærial wings
Silvery robes o'er them she flings.

The faithful watch-dog barks aloud ;
The lone owl hoots in solitude.
During the night sweet charms abound :
Listen the cataract's sweet sound ;—
Adown the rocks, lofty and steep,
The rushing waters freely leap ;
In yon grove and flowery vale
Sweetly singeth the nightingale :
What thrilling sounds fill each sweet note
That freely flows from its small throat ;
During the night, though cool and damp,
The glow-worm lights its little lamp—
Amid soft moss, 'neath hedgerows green,
Its charming glow may oft be seen.
Though oft the sable robes of night
Conceal the twinkling stars so bright,
And whistling winds sweep o'er the lea,
Night, pleasant Night, has charms for me.



A SWALLOW IN NOVEMBER.

A.D., 1875.



'Tis wonderful, sweet, lonely bird,
To see thee on November third,*
In season mild, 'mid gentle rain,
Whilst Autumn leaves bestrew the plain.

Though starlings and sweet robins sing,
'Tis rare to see thee flickering
Thus to and fro across the sky,
Chasing the little sportive fly.

How is it thou art left alone
When all thy kindred flocks are gone
To warmer climes 'neath sunny skies,
Where they can find plenty of flies?

Wilt thou venture without a guide
O'er the vast sea, stormy and wide ;
Or linger here till the last fly
Is caught, and then thou must soon die ?

O may thou likewise wing thy flight
After thy kindred to climes bright ;
And thus, swift, harmless, charming thing,
May thou come and please us next Spring.

*At Great Ayton, Cleveland,

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM 148.



Let pray'r, like holy incense rise,
To Him who dwells above the skies ;
Angelic hosts, in robes of white,
To praise the Lord ever delight.
Let kings and queens that do preside
O'er various realms far and wide
Be guided by God's Holy Word,
And thus spread love and peace abroad.
Let princes fear God in their youth,
And judges strive to prove the truth,
Remembering the powers that be
Are ordain'd, O Lord, by Thee.
People of ev'ry race and clime,
Praise ye the God of peace and time ;
Praise Him, young men, for robust health,
For food and raiment and all wealth ;
Praise Him, ye maidens, in your youth,
And thus be bless'd like holy Ruth ;
Praise Him, old men, for a long life,
And thus have peace instead of strife ;
Ye merry children, freely play,
Honour your parents, thus obey.
'Tis God who doth each blessing give,

And sustains all creatures that live.
Praise Him sun, moon, and stars so bright,
And thus display heavenly light.
Let ocean billows rage and foam,
Likewise the roaring thunderstorm ;
Let fire and smoke from mountains rise
In awful grandeur to the skies ;
Let hailstones dance along the ground,
And vapour mountain tops surround ;
Let flakes of snow deck leafless trees,
And thus the mind in winter please.
How pure and heavenly the sight
To view the earth array'd in white !
Fruit trees that grace the garden wall,
And fine cedars stately and tall,
Numerous fish in lucid rills,
And cattle on a thousand hills,
Crawling worms, industrious bee,
Squirrels that leap from tree to tree,
Bright plumag'd birds, each pretty flower—
All proclaim God's wondrous power.



SCOTLAND.



Scotia hath abbeys with crumbling walls,
And lofty rocks with their grand waterfalls ;
Where brave North Britons once held regal sway
Castles and palaces are in decay.
Prince and priest hath departed—they are gone
From Melrose, Linlithgow, Stirling, and Scone ;
Yet Scotia's bards—Burns, Campbell, and Scott—
Hath made illustrious each charming spot,
And extoll'd her clear springs and lucid rills,
Her flowery glens and heather-clad hills.
O Burns, admirer of each charming scene,
The flowery meads and the woods so green,
Thy love-songs pathetic, pastorals sweet,
Display a rare mind and sympathy great.

LIGHT.



Light adorns the heavens so fair,
And thus God's mighty works declare.
The Lord God said, "Let there be light,"
And thus vast shining orbs so bright
Whirl their heavenly course apace,
And thus adorn the azure space:
Suns, moons, comets, planets also,
Diffuse grand light whilst on they go.
Ere lions roar'd, or song of bird,
Or man's marvellous voice was heard,
Stars sweetly sang whilst twinkling bright,
Displaying their Creator's might.
The sun, resplendent and cheery,
Adorns the heavens, earth, and sea,
Reviving by his light and heat
All animated Nature great.

RUTH.



What constancy in Ruth we find !
She leaves her native land behind,
The hills and dells, rills, and sweet flow'rs,
That charm'd her in her youthful hours ;
Relatives dear, friends of her youth,
Cannot retard sincere Ruth.
From Naomi Ruth will not part,
Parental love o'erflows her heart ;
In weal or woe she'll freely share,
Part of Naomi's burden bear ;
Israel's God she will embrace ;
Old Time shall not her love erase.
Though seasons change each scene on earth,
Ruth's constancy shall last till death.

NORTH WALES.



North Wales, romantic and sublime,
Of British beauties thou art prime ;—
Thy huge mountains, with Alpine peaks,
And waterfalls down rugged creeks
Of limestone or immense slate rocks,
Where rove the numerous woolly flocks,
Filled thy ancient bards with delight,
And I am charm'd with the grand sight.
The vale of Clwyd, fertile and fair,
The retreat of partridge and hare,
Once gave shelter to wolf and boar
In Druid times in days of yore.
The wolves and boars have had their day ;
Th' ancient Britons have pass'd away,
Yet their descendants till the soil,
And waving crops reward their toil.
Some of the Cambrian females
Wear high-crowned hats in grand North Wales.
Long may these gen'rous people see
Good health, peace, and prosperity.
See whitewash'd cots, likewise church tow'rs,
And groves adorn'd by sweet flowers ;

The thrush and robin sweetly trill
In shady grove by cot and mill ;
Abundance of primroses fine
Adorn lane, wood, mead, or ravine.
White-washed houses on hills, in vales,
From north to south abound in Wales.
Sweet watering-place, Llandudno,—
White-crested waves roll to and fro,
Freely laving thy charming strand,
Whilst sea-gulls their white wings expand.
Conway Castle and old town walls
To the mind a past age recalls.
Like th' ancient bards I love to sing
Where ivy and wall-flowers cling ;—
Though prince, or lord, and bard is not,
I honour this once famous spot,
Where nobles dwelt, so brave and free,
And full of hospitality.
Snowdonia,* rugged and steep,
Thy rocky precipices deep
And grand summit, O how sublime—
Thou far exceeds the poet's rhyme.
How shall I find words to express
Thy charms, for they are numberless?
Thy head o'erlooks clouds pile on pile,
Britannia Bridge, and Mona's Isle.†
On thy summit purple flowers
Cling during cold April showers.

* Snowdon, 3,570 feet above the level of the sea.

† Anglesea.

How pleasing to see flowers grow,
And thus adorn thy crown of snow !
Mist oft comes on ærial wings,
And suddenly around thee clings,
Hiding Nature's beauties from sight,
Causing peril on thy vast height.
From Llanberis fair ladies ride
On ponies, in care of a guide ;
Thus they ascend the huge mountain
To view rocks, lakes, island, or main,
And take tea in the " Summit House,"
The retreat of a little mouse.*
Poor mouse, how didst thou mount so high,
Where the majestic eagles fly ?
During the summer months thou may
Under the centre table play,
And feed on crumbs of cheese and bread,
Or snugly lie on thy warm bed ;
But in winter, when cold winds blow,
And thy house is buried in snow,
On igneous rocks, form'd by heat,
How forlorn must be thy retreat !
On Cambria's chief mountain side
A little lamb lay down and died :
On a flat rock it laid its head,
Whilst golden moss adorn'd its bed.

* The mouse was supposed to have been brought up from Llanberis on a pony, in a hamper of provisions, by Philip Williams, proprietor of the " Summit House."

Little lamb, but a few weeks old,
Thou died a victim to the cold ;
A carrion crow might thee spy
And have pluck'd out thy pretty eye ;
Ne'er more o'er the hard rocks thou'll leap,
Nor follow long-tail'd mountain sheep ;—
Poor lamb, thou enjoy'd a short life,
Yet thou escap'd the butcher's knife.
How beautiful the lakes and vales,
Ravines, and rivers of North Wales,
Where anglers delight to sport,
And where many fine trout are caught.
On mountain sides, where woods are gay,
And soaring hawks are seeking prey,
We hear the cuckoo's well-known notes,
And see the active, browsing goats.
Where waterfalls turn mill-wheels round
Heath, fern, and moss-clad rocks abound ;
See, golden flow'rs of furze and broom—
The hawthorn bushes sweetly bloom,
The crimson tint of sunset glows
On cliffs frequented by jackdaws ;—
Thus grand old mountain peaks display
The charms that robe the orb of day.
The solitary owls delight
To hoot during the sweet moonlight.
Beautiful Luna sweetly shires
On mountains and sylvan ravines,

Her fine silvery robes array
Castles and abbeys in decay.
Land of mountains, flowers, sweet gales—
How beautiful thou art, North Wales !



LINES TO THE REDBREAST.



We welcome thee in blooming Spring,
When fields are deck'd with flowers gay ;
We love to hear thee sweetly sing,
And watch thee hop from spray to spray.

When Summer comes, pretty redbreast,
We seldom hear thy well-known song ;
Then thou attendest to thy nest,
Carefully fostering thy young.

In Autumn, so serene and bright,
When trees are laden with ripe fruit,
Thy simple lay gives us delight,
While many other birds are mute.

When gloomy clouds o'erspread the sky,
Regardless of the drenching rain,
Thou singest where the dead leaves lie—
In each season thou givest a strain.

In Winter, when cold north winds blow,
Near our windows sweet Robin comes,
Shelter to find from drifting snow,
And feed upon the scatter'd crumbs.

During each season we obtain
Much pleasure from thy humble lays ;
Grateful I sing to thee a strain :
Robin deserves a poet's praise.

KING KESENMAS.



(IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.)

Welcum aud King, wi' hooary head,
Cheerful feeace, an' lang white beard,
Crown o' holly an' miselto,
An' mantle o' pure white sno'.

May Yorkshur fooaks enjoy his fare—
Fat pig, rooast gease, turkey, an' hare,
Heach year feeast on his supplies—
Rooast beef, plum puddin', giblet pies.

Tho' ower t' Cleeavland Hills an' Vale
Boreas sweep wi' his coad gale,
Kesenmas Eve's a cheerful neet,
Where yel-clogs on t' fires bon breet.

Yel-cannels are lit, and foaks freely
Sup bowls o' nice yat frumarty,
Cut inteea pepper keeaks an' cheeses,
Wahle outsahd aud "Jack Frost" freezes.

Keep good aud Yorkshur custums up,
Ax fooaks ather t' "bite or sup ;"
If nibors call, kahndly speek—
Let 'em teeast t' cheese an' pepper keeak.

KING KESENMAS.

T' yer aud freends be yamley an' free ;
Ge them yel-keeak an' congo tea ;
An wahle we hev good things e store
May we niver forgit the poor.

In casle an cot fooaks freely
Enjoy aud Ule* festivity ;
Lang-pated freends meet yance mair,
An' enjoy aud Kesenmas fare.

Beneath t' green hingin' miselto
Lads an' lasses gan', we kno' ;
There they give an' tack a kiss—
That's yah way they enjoy bliss.

Whistlin' coad north winnds may blo',
An' fast fall hailsteeans or sno',
Yet may good fooaks far an' near
Enjoy breet fires an' Kesenmas cheer.

Wi' thenkfulness an' harmless mirth
Let fooaks honour the Saviour's birth ;
An' wahle they keep up t' good aud feeast
May iverybody get a teeast.

* The Saxon word for Christmas.



HOME.



Though duty may cause men to roam,
And thus leave their sweet native home,
How oft they think of childhood hours,
Pleasant cot, and pretty flowers.
The soldier in a foreign clime
May oft behold fine scenes sublime ;
Though he behold with sweet surprise
Rich spicy groves and sunny skies,
And vineyards yielding purple fruit,
Or hear song birds sweet as the lute,
He loves his native songsters best,
The throstle and robin redbreast ;
He loves the snowdrop and daisy,
The primrose, moss-rose, and pansy.
The produce of his native soil,
Where the brave sons of freedom toil.
The mariner, with heart so brave,
Steers his barque o'er each rolling wave—
Regardless of the ocean's roar,
He freely leaves his native shore ;
But when the sea-fowl loudly cry,
And raging clouds darken the sky,

While, like a giant rous'd from sleep,
Boreas agitates the deep,
Then home, with all its ties so dear,
Before his mind's eye doth appear ;
But when the raging storm is o'er,
And he arrives safe home once more,
To sit beside the fire so bright,
And with his friends gives him delight ;
He tells of perils on the deep—
At his escape for joy they weep.
Though far away, home scenes delight—
Thither the mind oft wings its flight.
The old arm-chair, the ivy porch,
The garden gate, the village church,
The babbling brook, the old elm tree
Give rapture to the memory
Where many happy hours were spent
With loving friends in sweet content.



LINES ON A FAVOURITE CAT.



Tom had glossy raven hair,
Long sharp claws, his eyes did glare,
Snow-white breast, and cunning mien—
Tom's equal was rarely seen.
He could leap o'er hands held high ;
He well knew the milkman's cry ;
Through small hoops he'd freely leap,
Or in mouse-holes slyly peep.
Tom lov'd places snug and warm,
There soundly slept, free from harm.
When strange dogs came Tom did watch,
And oft gave them a smart scratch.
With friendly dogs Tom would play,
But he drove strangers away.
On our shoulder Tom would spring,
And sit there "happy as a king."

THE FLOWERY VALE,



Let us sing of a flow'ry vale
Where charming rural scenes prevail.
Aurora ushers forth the morn,
Bidding the shades of night begone ;
Horus peeps o'er yon eastern hills—
He gilds the clouds and lucid rills ;
The birds each leave their snug retreat—
They cheer us with their songs so sweet ;
The faithful shepherd, blest by Pan,
Hastens his woolly flock to scan,
His dog, so ready to obey,
Collects the sheep that go astray ;
The farmers go to daily toil,
To cultivate the fruitful soil—
The smiles of bountiful Ceres
Doth crown their labours with success ;
The farmer's boy, with mind elate,
Swings to and fro upon a gate ;
Whilst the red-cheeked country girl
Brings water from the village well.
A fine mansion of modern date
Adorns the vast village estate ;

Gardens teem with pretty flowers,
Laurel shrubs, and shady bowers.
Yon hills sublime, like bulwarks stand—
How they adorn the fertile land !
There wander little black-faced sheep
Over the rugged rocks so steep,
Cropping the stunted shrubs and grass ;
There rove the country lad and lass :
'Tis there he tells his pleasing tale
Whilst they behold the flow'ry vale.



STORM.



Sometimes during the early morn
The eastern sky is red,
And thus crimson the clouds adorn
Whilst all looks gay o'erhead.

If mountain sheep the hills descend,
And sweet swallows fly low,
And rooks aloft in circles tend—
Such signs a storm foreshow.

Thus we may look for wind or rain
Within a little while,
That may disturb the woods or main,
Though now bright Sol may smile.

The storm may come in its full rage,
Uproot the forest tree,
And the minds of sailors engage
On board ships on the sea.

The sea waves may roll mountains high,
And cause many a wreck,
Then many sailors thus may die
Whilst clinging to each deck.

In this wide world we often see
Much misery and strife ;
Oh, that men were from evil free,
Each live a peaceful life.
May we be free from war's alarms,
Let arbitration reign :
Thus each nation lay down their arms,
And no more men be slain.



CALM.



Though early morn be somewhat gray,
And clouds the sun's face veil ;
We yet may see a charming day,
The grand sunshine prevail.
The sheep ascend huge mountains high,
And bees are on the wing ;
Aloft swallows delight to fly
Where the larks soar and sing.
Now wavy clouds adorn the sky,
And Sol peeps out so gay ;
The ants bring out their food to dry ;—
Each foretell a fine day.
See the bright sun,—he reigns supreme,
Glorious to behold ;
He makes the lakes silvery gleam,
And robes the hills with gold.
Green leaves adorn each forest tree,
That zephyrs gently move ;
Whilst the bosom of the vast sea
Is tranquil as a dove.
Oh, may our days on earth be calm,
And may knowledge increase,
Righteousness shield us from harm—
Thus fill the world with peace.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.



Jesus—blest name ! to Christians dear ;
It will through life their spirits cheer.
The sweet Psalmist sang long ago
That Christ would save from sin and woe.
All may return, repent and live,
For He is ready to forgive.

In His own written Word we find
He heal'd the sick, restor'd the blind
And multitudes of poor He fed ;
He forgave sins, and rais'd the dead.
He liv'd on earth a spotless life,
And taught men to avoid all strife.

Ere He descended to the grave
He His fierce enemies forgave ;
And though by them for us was slain,
On the third day He rose again ;
And finally He took His flight—
Then clouds received Him out of sight.

Thus He reigns in heaven above,
Bestowing pardon, peace, and love.
Though people die, He made it plain
That one day they shall rise again.
O may we on His strong arm trust,
And thus be found among the just !

SOLITUDE.

In the recess of yonder wood
We find the sweets of solitude.
There all is hush'd save the sweet rill
That gushes down the moss-clad hill,
Or the cooing of some ring-dove
That gives its plaintive strain of love,
Perch'd in a fir-tree dark and green,
Where men's footsteps are rarely seen.
In hollow trees owls find delight—
'Tis thus they shun the broad daylight.
Where ivies cling and mosses creep,
And where bright Horus does not peep,
There man may muse (from worldlings free)
On God—likewise eternity.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM 103.



Let us extol God's holy name,
For His goodness our thanks proclaim ;
Let all within us bear in mind
His benefits so free and kind,
Who doth our many sins forgive,
And heals our sores that we may live.
The Lord in mercy looketh down,
And giveth us a happy crown
Of peace and loving-kindness sweet—
Yea, holy angels' food to eat.
The Lord is just, and He will break
Oppression's yoke, support the weak.
Ten just commandments God made known
To Moses on tables of stone.
Brave Moses set God's people free
From harsh Egyptian slavery.
Let us praise God, give grateful sounds—
His grace and mercy know no bounds.
His anger will not always burn—
He wishes sinners to return,
Repent, forsake their sins, and live—

He will not chide, but them forgive.
To judge us had He been extreme
Praise now could not have been our theme ;
But those who fear Him thus confess
Their sins, may find true happiness—
Yea, find His mercy great and wide
As space that heav'n and earth divide.
He hath remov'd our sins away
As far as the bright orb of day
Extends his rays from east to west—
Thus all the sons of God are blest.
Like as a father loves his child
So is the Lord's compassion mild.
For those that fear the Lord Most High,
And for forgiveness humbly cry,
He knows our frame so weak and frail,
And how temptations oft prevail,
And that in a short time each must
Return again from "dust to dust."
Man's days are like flowers and grass—
He flourisheth, and then, alas !
The winds of time soon cause decay :
Thus man and flowers pass away.
Then when frail man's brief days are o'er,
His place on earth is known no more.
But God's mercy is without end
To those that fear Him and attend
To His commandments—thus obey
His covenant, ne'er go astray.

The Lord is King in heav'n for aye,
And rules with universal sway.
Let angels, that in strength excel,
Always to God's voice hearken well.
Ye His hosts praise without measure
The Lord, and thus do His pleasure ;
Let all God's works their Maker bless,
For they are vast and numberless ;
In heav'n and earth, likewise the sea,
Let all declare His majesty.



FLOWERS.

In gardens, fertile fields, or lanes,
By river-sides, or on vast plains,
Where'er we cast our eyes we view
Pretty flowers of every hue.

On yonder pleasant village green
Numerous daisies may be seen ;
Primroses grow near rippling rills—
The sight our mind with rapture fills.

The violets, see how they bloom
In shady nooks, yielding perfume,
Shelter'd beneath the hawthorn's spray,
Laden with the grand fragrant " May."

On mountain sides we find bluebells,
And wild roses in flow'ry dells,
Where the honeysuckle bower
Adorns many a cottage door.

Children love to gather flowers,
'Tis thus they spend their youthful hours ;
With joyful hearts they often rove
In flow'ry mead and shady grove.

Well may we admire the flowers,
How they adorn this world of ours ;
Flowers must bloom so gay and sweet
Ere we obtain rich fruit to eat.

AUD WILLIE'S GEASE.

(IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.)



Ah sear it's a dowly kease,
Consarnin' niber Willie's gease.
He kept her twenty years an' mair,
An' fed an' shelter'd her wi' care,
An' pate o' t' tahm he kept a steg,
Then they wad eeach stand on yah leg
Sumtahms be t' beck sahd, poor things,
An' put their nebs onder their wings ;
An' then in t' spring tahm o' t' year,
Aud Willie's gease laid eggs, ah sear.
T' etch her eggs sha teak her tahm,
An' then, when t' weather gat mair warm,
Sum downey geslins sha browt out,
An' proud o' them sha was, nea dout.
Befoor aud Willie "breeath'd his last"
He showd his lang freendship a vast
By giving Dicky his aud gease,
But sha went back t' Willie's pplace.
At last we saw t' aud gease was decad ;
Sha mud hev had a wack on't heead,
Or been pelted wi' hard flint steears,

An' ssea had sum brocken beeans,
Or meby had a twisted neck
Befoore sha was thron in tit beck.
"Deead as a steean," there left t' flooat
Down where sha ust' t' flap, thus spoort.
Sha'l niver cackle efter gam
Ageen, nor waddle on t' way yam.



FRUIT.

Let us sing in a grateful strain,
Of mellow fruit and golden grain ;
Thus thanks the Giver of all good
For such supplies of precious food.

Gardens and woodlands how replete,
Orchards abound with fruits so sweet,
Yielding the cherry, plum, and pear—
Nature supplies a liberal fare.

Apples, with cheeks of rosy hue,
Adorn many a spreading bough ;
'Tis pleasing to behold a sight
That gives the cottar such delight.

Fine waving crops of yellow grain,
Adorn many a fertile plain ;
In shady nooks, where streamlets flow,
Brown hazel nuts in clusters grow.

Hips grow where once bloom'd the wild rose,
Where sweet " May " bloom'd we see small haws ;
When trees are bare, and birds are mute,
Hedge rows display their scarlet fruit.

Though bleak winds howl and snow-flakes fall,
The Lord wisely provides for all ;
From thorny fence, by field and wood,
The birds obtain their winter food.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM 104.



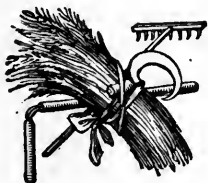
O Lord, all-seeing, infinite,
Array'd in everlasting light,
Boundless heavens magnify Thee,
Bright orbs declare Thy Majesty ;
Clouds that adorn the azure sky
Are Thy chariot, Lord, most high.
Lord, Thou art ever good and kind,
And walketh on wings of wind.
Thou made the earth firm and secure,
That doth from age to age endure.
O Lord, Thy promise must prevail—
Seed time and harvest shall not fail.
Thou hast spread out the mighty deep,
Where raging waters roar and leap ;
Though billows foam give their wild sounds,
Thou hast set them their proper bounds.
The crystal springs flow from the hills,
The source of charming gushing rills.
Beasts of the field, wild asses, go
And quench their thirst where waters flow.
Among the branches wild birds sing,
And thus they make the welkin ring.

Let all Creation sound His praise
And thus give harmonius lays.
He sends clouds with copius rains,
Watering hills and thirsty plains.
Thus, with His sunbeams and rich showers,
The earth yields fruits, green herbs, and flowers.
Rejoice, ye nations of the East !
He sendeth food for man and beast .
Corn, herb, and grass, bread, wine and, oil,
And other products of the soil ;
Cedars of Lebanon, how grand
From age to age they firmly stand ;
In their branches birds make their nests,
And in fir trees storks take their rest ;
On the high hills wild goats resort,
And among rocks the conies sport—
They find refuge and a retreat
Wher mountain air blows fresh and sweet.
He made the moon queen of the night
That display sweet silvery light ;
How charming her sweet sun-lit face
Whilst through the heav'ns she whirls apase !
O, the charms of a moon-lit night
When clouds are rob'd in silv'ry light ;
Round our vast globe monthly she glides,
And rules old Neptune's flowing tides.
The sun, the source of heat and light,
Each evening sets, and when dark night
Spreads her vast sable mantle o'er

The earth, the forest lions roar
And prowl about seeking the prey
Until the splendid orb of day
With crimson gilds the eastern sky,
Then to their dens they swiftly hie.
Then to labour, man goeth forth,
To cultivate the fruitful earth,
Or to the mine, the forge, or mill,
His honest labour to fulfil.
Thus earthly comforts we enjoy,
Are the result of His employ.
Then when the sun smiles in the West,
Man returns home to take his rest.
In grand Nature, O Lord, we find
Design and order thus combined ;
O when we cast our eyes abroad,
Manifold are Thy works, O Lord.
The heavens and earth, things great and small,
In wisdom hast Thou made them all ;
All things are govern'd by fixed laws,
Which point to Thee as the First Cause.
Our earth revolves thus day and night,
The sun gives perpetual light ;
An emblem of Thy Majesty—
For Thou art from eternity.
Sun, moon, planets, comets, stars bright,
That are arranged in heavenly light ;
And adorn the heavens so fair,
God's glory and power declare.

Creation belongs the Lord God —
He spake, all things came by his word.
Man with his skill cannot, alas !
Create a single blade of grass.
By an all-wise economy
Water is rais'd out of the sea
By the sun's rays, and thus clouds fly
On aerial wings across the sky.
When lightnings flash and thunders roar,
And billows dash along the shore,
And vast clouds give copious rain,
Water returns to sea again.
How beautiful the vast blue sea,
Where vital air blows fresh and free ;
And sea-birds their soft feathers lave,
Or skim each grand white-crested wave.
In the bosom of the vast deep
Innumerable creatures creep,
Both small and great, useful to man—
There is the huge Leviathan,
These all receive their food from Thee,
O, Lord of heaven, earth, and sea.
“ There go the ships,” with seamen brave,
Swiftly mounting each rolling wave ;
While zephyrs fan or wild winds blow,
From port to port they onward go
With produce of many a clime,
Where God's riches are seen sublime.
All creatures that live in the sea

Receive their lives, O Lord, from Thee ;
Thus thou can'st give or take their breath,
For Thou art Lord of life and death.
Though sinners wicked lives may spend,
Th' ungodly shall come to an end ;
Though time and death for ever cease,
Unpardon'd sinners ne'er find peace.
Then let us praise with heart and voice :
Floods clap your hands, ye hills rejoice,
Nature her numerous voices raise,—
Thus all creation sing his praise.



CLIFTON.



Clifton, sublime and rocky steep,
Adorns the winding Avon deep.
Hawthorn bushes, with blossom sweet,
Form a shade o'er many a seat.
A blind man* sits beneath the trees,
With open Bible on his knees ;
Though he can ne'er behold the light
During his life's long dreary night,
Yet he can feel the bright sun's heat,
And hear the song of birds so sweet,
Feel the clouds give copious showers,
And smell the fragrant pretty flowers.
Rocks, water, woods, and deep ravine,
And grand Suspension Bridge† combine
To beautify the charming scene
Where Avon waters glide between.
The lofty Bridge, with graceful span,
Displays the skilful art of man,
Connecting Clifton and Leigh Wood,
Where wild birds sing and find their food.

* James Griffin.

† Clifton Suspension Bridge; height above high water mark,
245 feet; low water, 280 feet.

OMNISCIENT.

(PSALM CXXXIX, 7-12.)



O Lord, whither shall I flee,
And thus hide myself from Thee ?
If heav'nward I take my flight,
On swift wings of morning light ;
And thus soar towards the stars,
And pass the bright planet Mars,
Likewise Jupiter so grand,
With his four fine moons so bland,
Or higher still spread my wings,
See Saturn and his bright rings,
And his seven moons likewise,
That adorn the azure skies ;
If then to the sun I soar,
Thus his vast glory explore ;
Then leaving the orb of day,
Mount toward the Milky Way,
Thus Orion's charms unfold,
Shining like clusters of gold ;—
Though I soar to this vast height,
I cannot escape Thy sight.
If I descend into Hell,

Thou can see me there as well
If to the vast deep I flee,
Thou fills heaven, earth, and sea ;
Though I dwell in ocean wide,
Thou shalt be my faithful guide ;
Passing through the stormy main
Thy right hand shall me sustain
Lord, the sable robes of night
Cannot hide me from Thy sight.
Robes of light Thyself adorn,
Shining like the sunny morn.



THE WREKIN.



Salopia's sons and daughters fair
To the great Wrekin* oft repair,
On its high summit love to stand,
Thus view various scenes so grand,
Or sit beneath the shady trees,
Where wild plants bloom, enjoy the breeze
Whilst ferns and moss and wild plants rare
And warbling birds God's works declare.

Though thin or stout, the people try
To each pass through the Needle's Eye†
Thus make their Wrekin trip complete
Ere down the mountains they retreat.

See the vast Salopian plain,
Flowery mead, and waving grain,
Or Severn's winding crystal stream,
Like silver in the sunshine gleam.

On Buildwas Abbey‡ ivy clings—
There jackdaws dwell, the redbreast sings.
'Mid charming rural scenes so sweet
Abbot and monks found a retreat.

*A famous Shropshire mountain, 1,320 feet above the sea level.

†A narrow pass between steep rocks.

‡Buildwas Abbey, on the banks of the Severn.

Romantic Coalbrook Dale, with great
Grand woody slopes and villas neat,
Where Vulcan o'er the forge presides,
And lucid Severn gently glides.

Far away, o'er rivers and rills,
We see the lofty Malvern Hills ;
If to the right we turn our eyes,
North Welsh mountains sublimely rise.

Lo ! old houses adorned with wood,
Where hospitable people good
Oft give their toast—freely speaking,
They say, “ All friends round the Wrekin.”



WATER.



How beautiful the fleecy clouds,
 Borne on wings of the wind ;
The drinking fountains give pleasure,
 Built by the truly kind.

The laden clouds freely bestow
 Fertilizing showers,
Refreshing ev'ry living thing—
 Heaths, meads, woods, and flowers.

The pearly dew-drops give delight,
 Sparkling on the thorn ;
The drinking fountains oft refresh
 The traveller, way-worn.

When mighty Sampson was athirst,
 He prayèd to the Lord
For drink, then God gave him water,
 Thus his spirit restored.

Daniel preferred water for wine,
 Fairer and fatter grew,—
Thus he used simple meat and drink—
 A temperate man so true.

While rillets gush so beautiful
 From each fine mountain spring,
O let us thank the Lord of Hosts
 For such a great blessing.

TWO NYMPHS.

On summer's eve, in Upsall-lane,
We saw a charming sight ;
And thus our muse prompted a strain,
Which filled us with delight.

Two lovely maidens in their teens
Were among wild roses ;
Whilst fragrance came from fields of beans,
From hedge-rows they got posies.

A daisy-carpet decked their feet,
Their cheeks bloom'd like the rose ;
Their breath was as the flowers sweet
When their petals unclosed.

Their lovely eyes, so charming bright,
Cupid possession keeps ;
They rival yonder gleam of light,
That through the thin cloud peeps.

Through the fair maidens' tresses long
The Zephyrs sported wild ;
Whilst little birds each gave a song,
Thus eventide beguiled.

Of all created things we see
With nymphs none can compare ;
The bards in ev'ry age agree
To eulogize the fair.





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